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# ALIEN NATION™

THE OFFICIAL COMICS ADAPTATION  
OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX MOTION PICTURE



BY MARTIN PASKO AND JERRY BINGHAM





# ALIEN NATION™

Adapted from  
the screenplay by  
**ROCKNE S. O'BANNON**

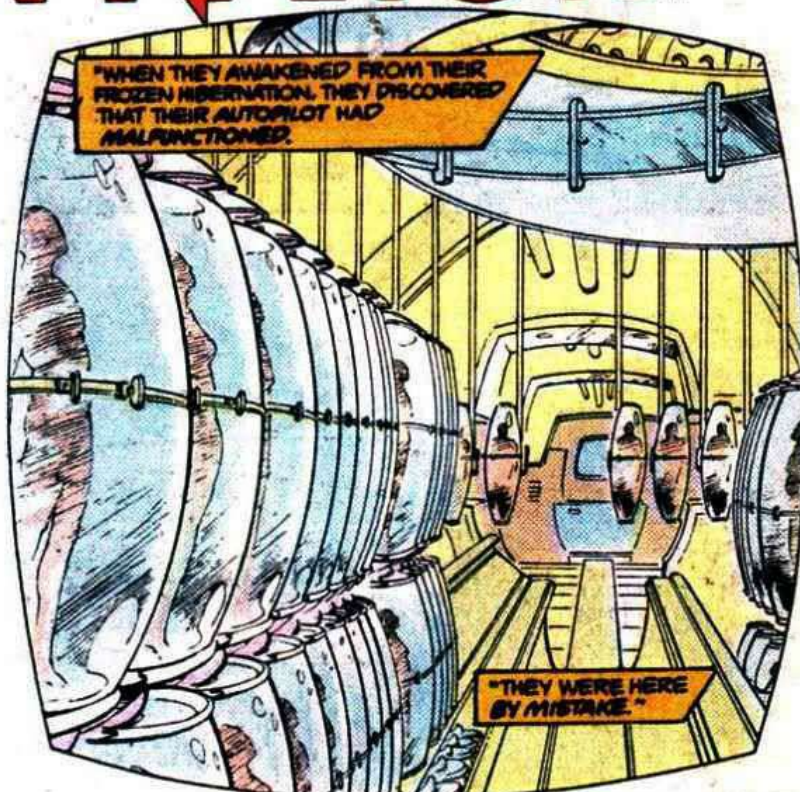
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Colorist

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Editor



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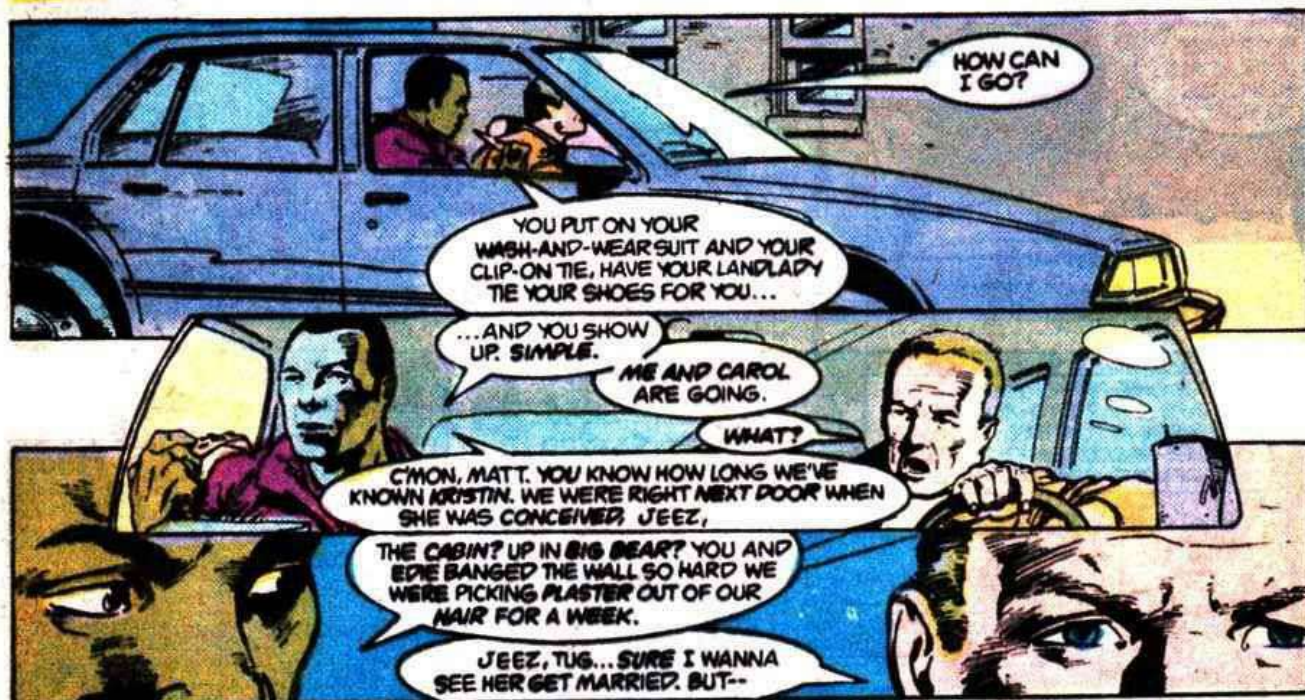
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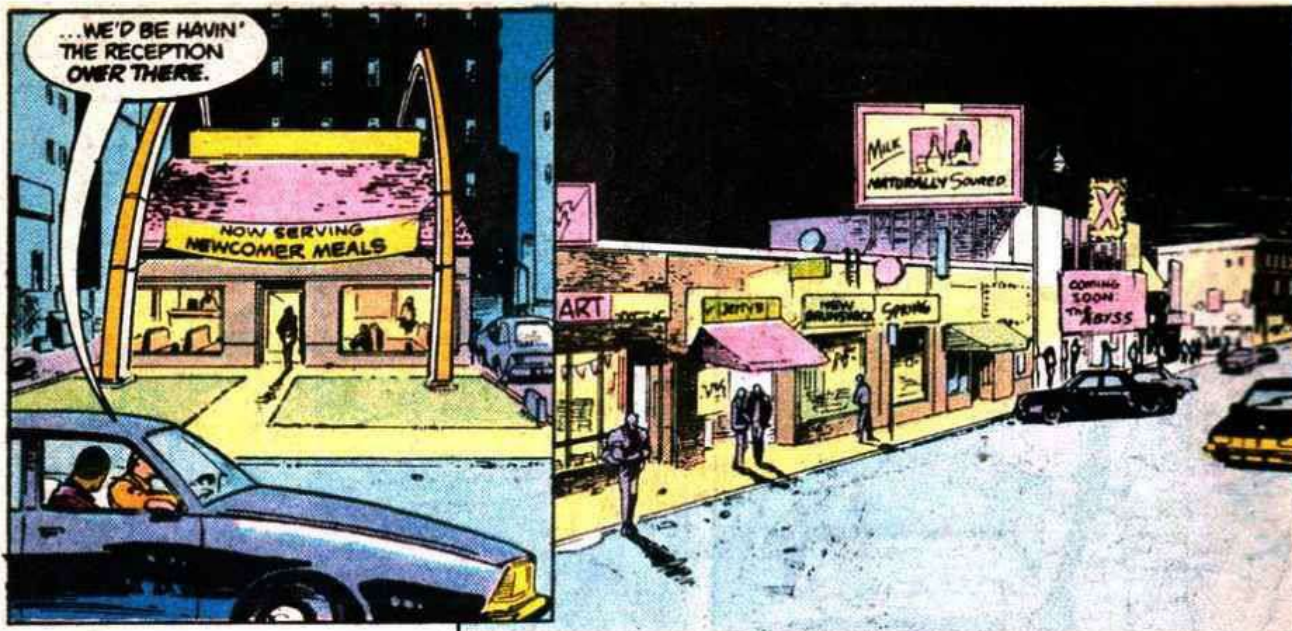




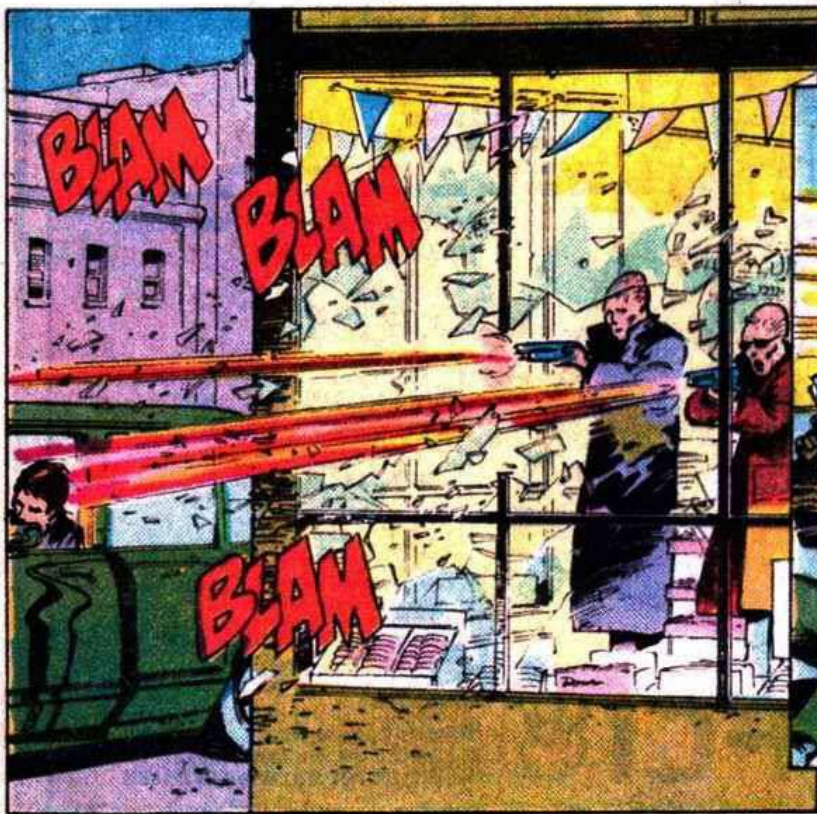












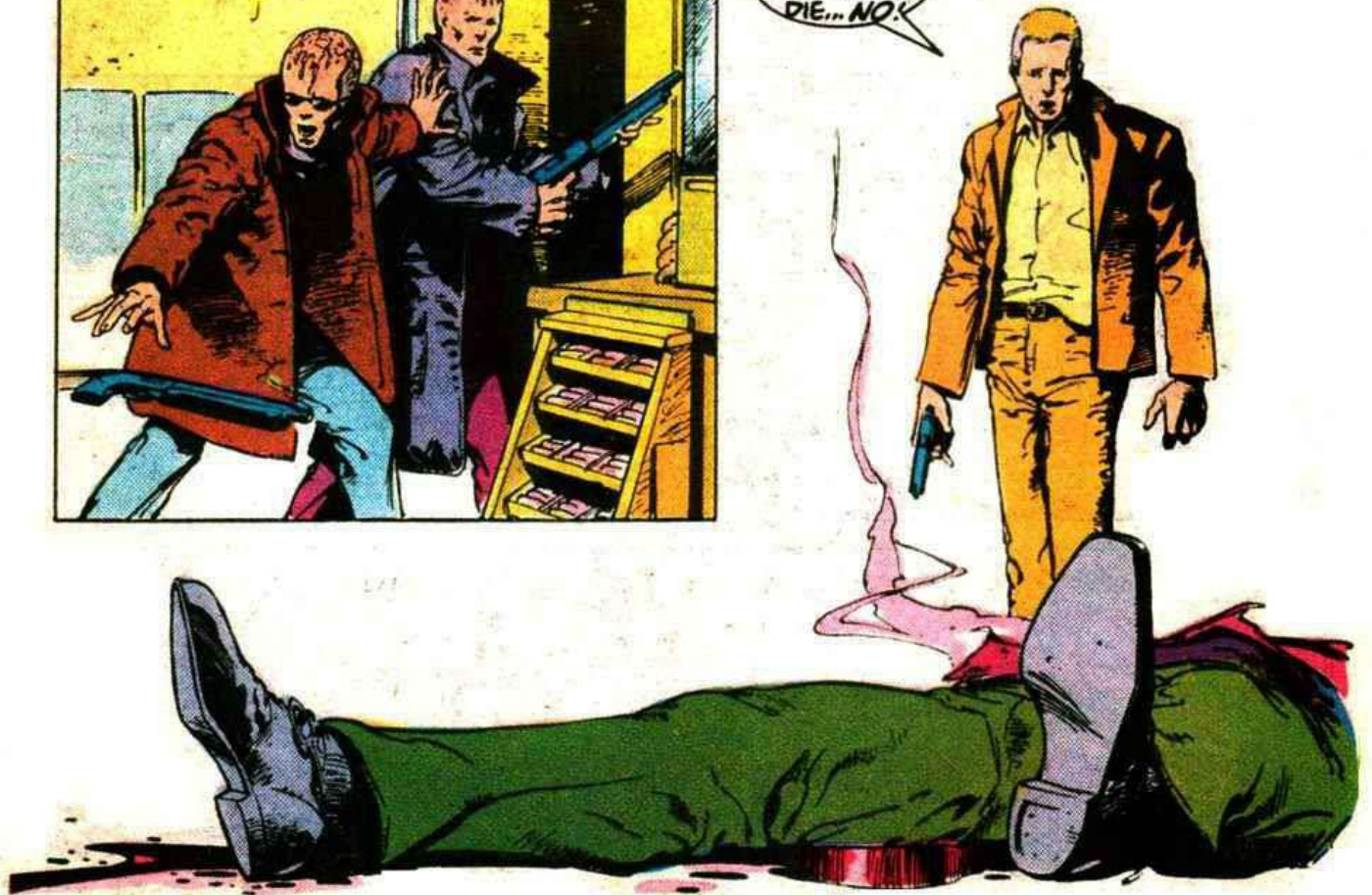








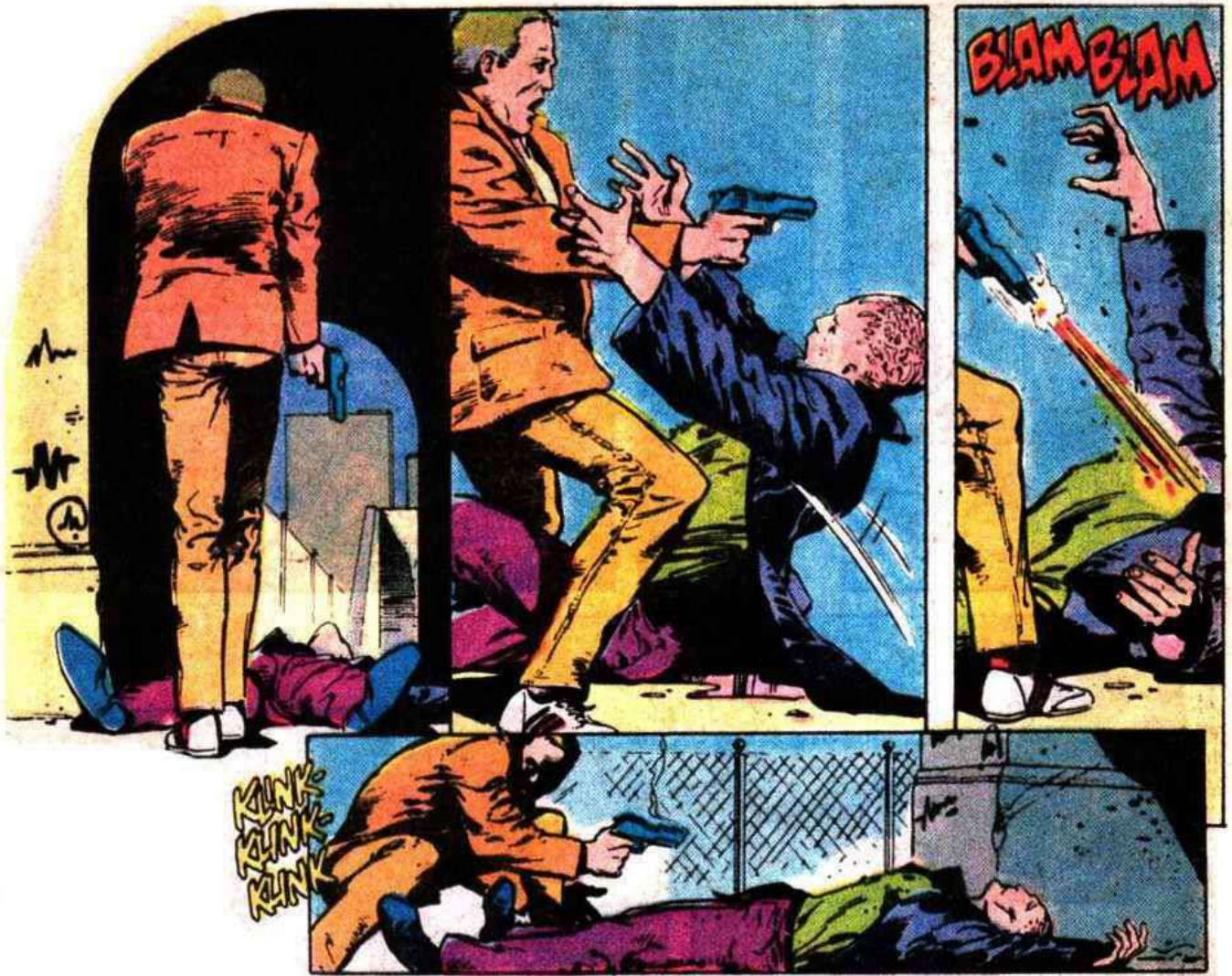
AW, NO...  
YOU WEREN'T  
SUPPOSED TO  
DIE... NO!



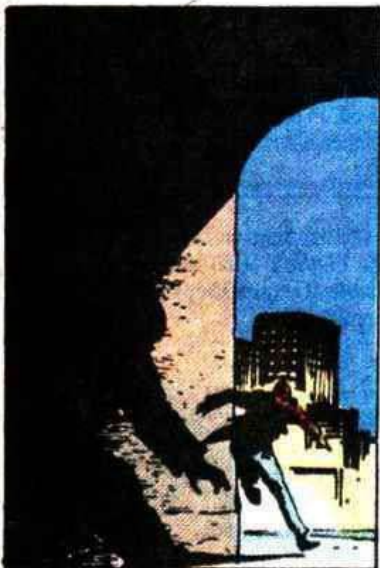








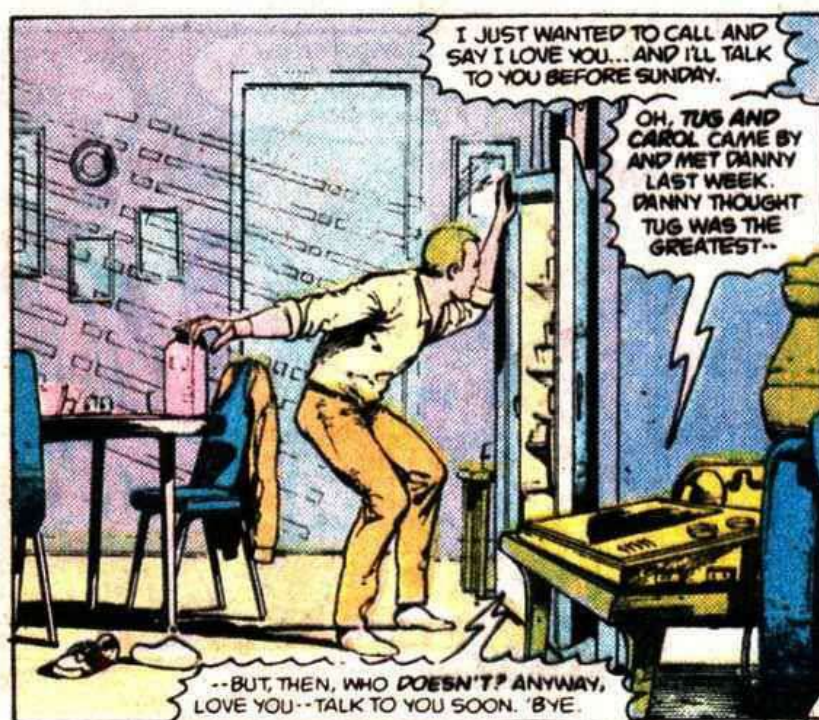














"I HAVE A DIRECTIVE FROM CHIEF EVANER, ACTING ON ORDERS FROM THE MAYOR, WHO IS UNDER MANDATE FROM THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF NEWCOMER RELATIONS.

"AS OF 9:00 THIS MORNING, ONE NEWCOMER UNIFORM OFFICER HAS BEEN PROMOTED TO THE RANK OF DETECTIVE, THIRD GRADE.

"VOLUNTEERS FOR DUTY WITH THE NEW DETECTIVE SHOULD SEE ME IN MY OFFICE... OTHERWISE I WILL CHOOSE A VOLUNTEER MYSELF."

WHERE THE BLAZES IS HE GOIN'?

CAPTAIN. I'D LIKE TO VOLUNTEER...

YOU'RE TO STAY AWAY FROM THE INVESTIGATION INTO BILL TUGGLE'S DEATH--

I KNOW-- DEPARTMENTAL POLICY. ACTUALLY, IT'S THE HUBLEY CASE I WANT...

ALREADY ASSIGNED.

I JUST THOUGHT, WHAT WITH THIS FIRST NEWCOMER PLAIN-CLOTHES...

...AND HUBLEY'S BODY BEIN' FOUND IN THE NEWCOMER COMMUNITY AND ALL...

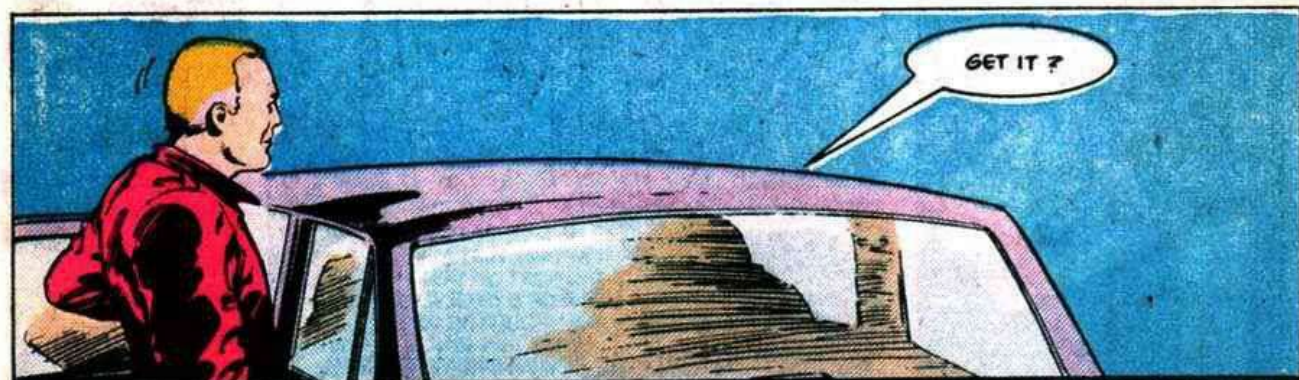
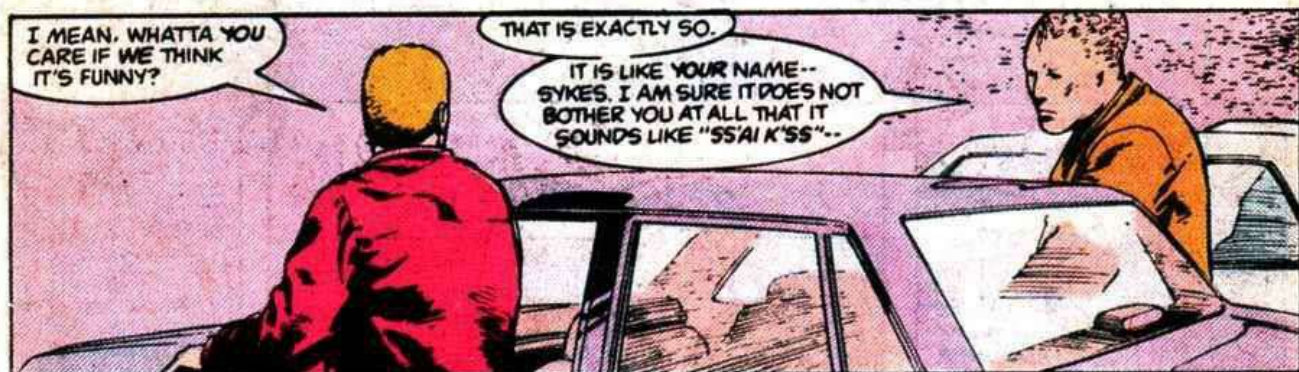
SERGEANT... I'D LIKE TO THANK YOU FOR WHAT YOU ARE DOING. WHEN WE MET BEFORE...

GET THIS STRAIGHT, FRANCISCO: WE'RE NOT PALS... WE'RE NOT MARRIED... WE AIN'T TAKIN' MOONLIT WALKS TOGETHER. WE'RE JUST WORKING TOGETHER.

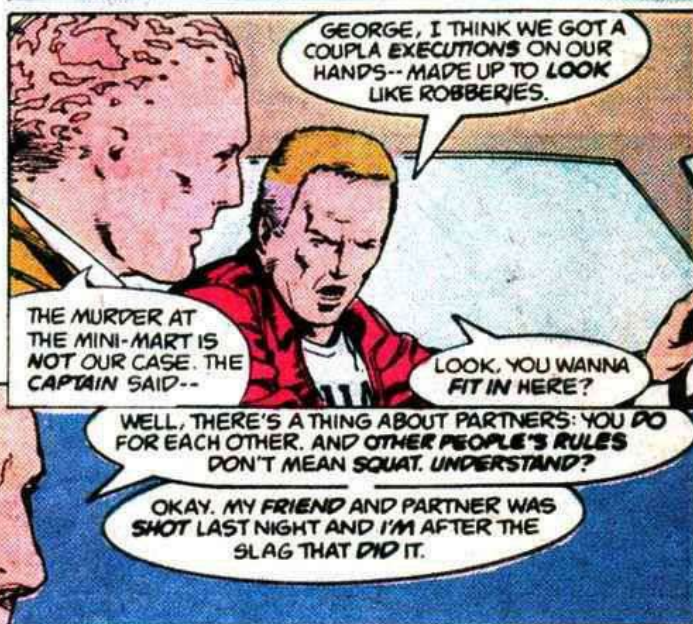
AND CALL ME SYKES. OR MATT IF YOU HAVE TO.

HE'S GOT A POINT, CAPTAIN. THAT'S JUST THE SORT OF THING THE MAYOR'S OFFICE FEELS WE SHOULD BE DOING WITH THIS EARLY ADVANCEMENT PROGRAM...









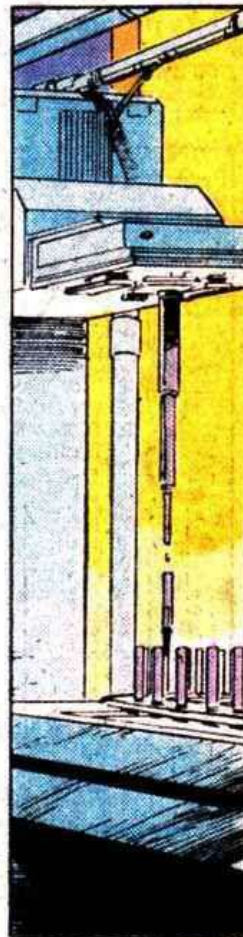
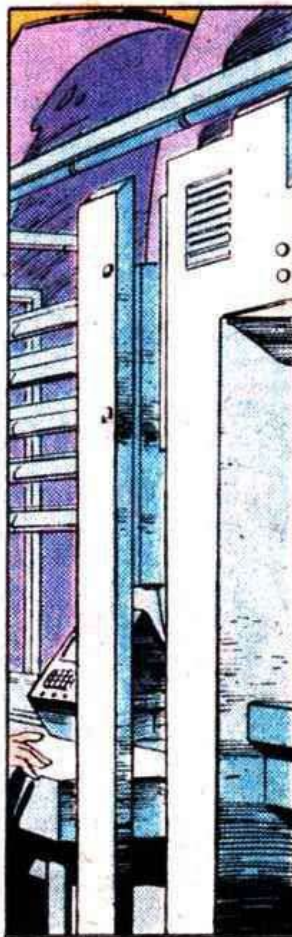
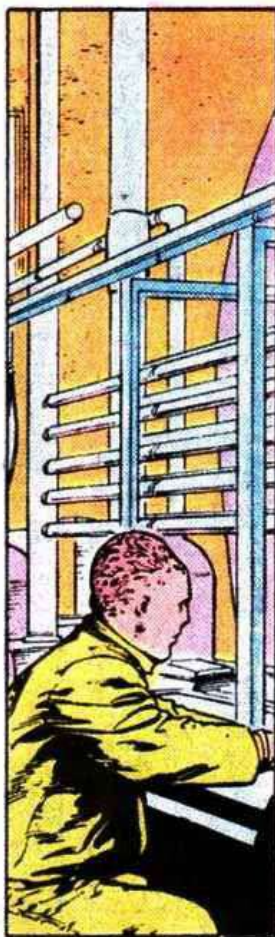
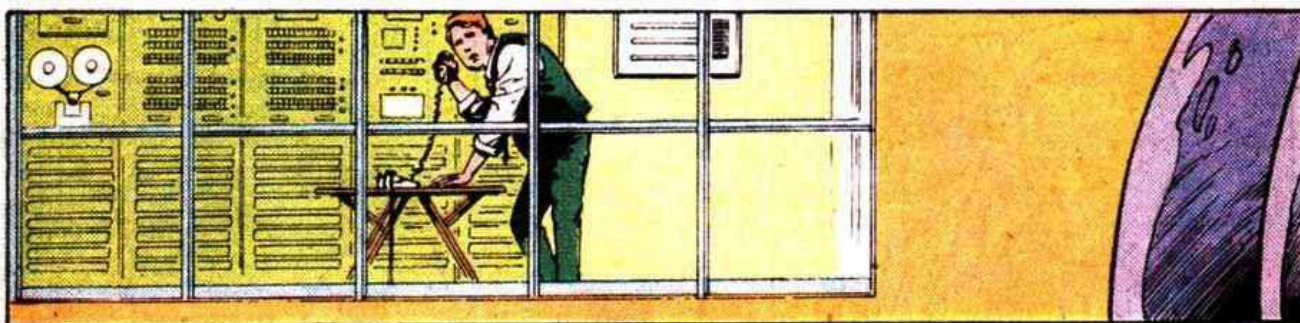




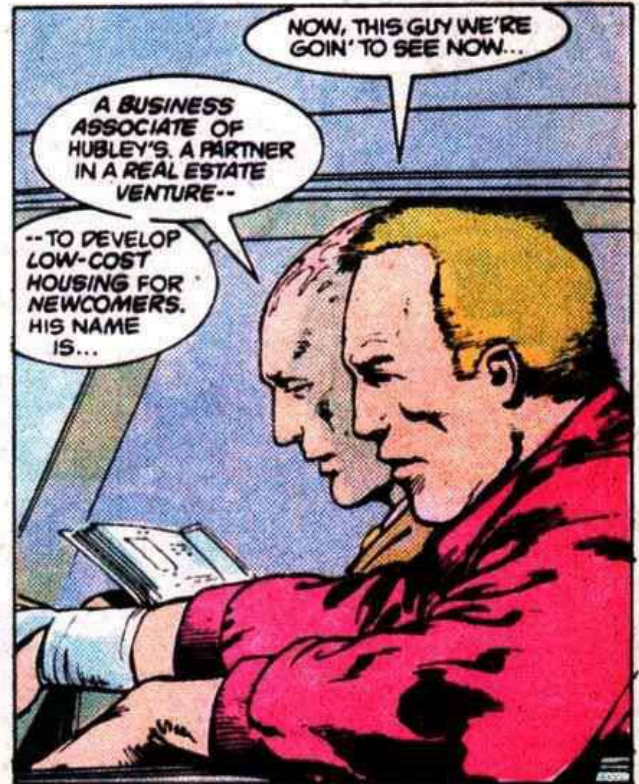
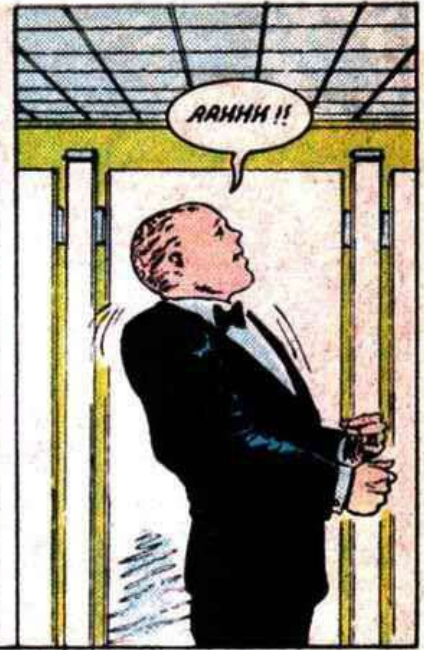
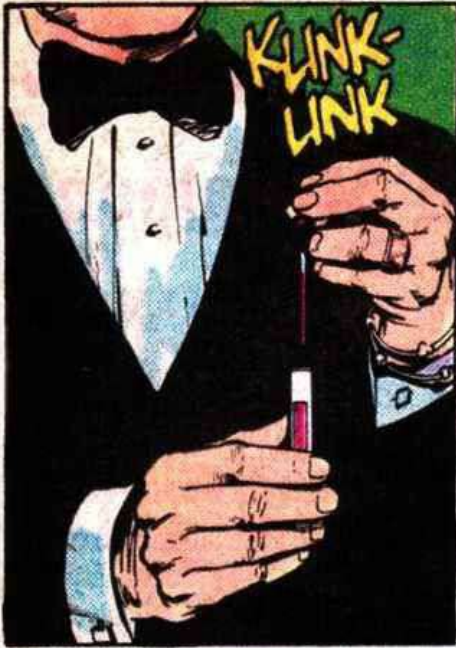




















WHADDAYA GONNA DO IF SOMEBODY  
DRAWS ON YOU-- WAVE YOUR SCORES  
ON THE WRITTEN EXAM AT 'EM?

WHY DID YOU AGREE  
TO WORK WITH ME? YOU  
DO NOT LIKE ME. YOU  
DO NOT LIKE ANY  
OF US.

YOU HAVE  
NOTHING BUT  
CONTEMPT  
FOR US...

...AND YET YOU  
BECOME AN OUTCAST  
FROM YOUR CLUB OF  
DETECTIVES BY  
MAKING ME YOUR  
PARTNER.

HOW LONG  
YOU BEEN SHOOTIN'?  
THAT'S PITIFUL.

"MY PARTNER" IS  
DEAD!...  
--BECAUSE ONE OF YOU BASTARDS KILLED HIM--  
THEN DISAPPEARED DOWN A RATHOLE IN  
SLAGTOWN, WHERE HE'S HOME AND DRY.

... 'CAUSE NOBODY IN SLAGTOWN SEES  
NOTHIN'... NOBODY HEARS NOTHIN'. FUNNY  
HOW IT JUST HAPPENS TO WORK OUT  
THAT WAY, AIN'T IT?  
BUT HE DIDN'T COUNT ON  
YOU, GEORGE. YOU'RE GONNA  
MAKE THEM TALK TO ME--  
COMPRENDO?

AND IF FEDORCHUK AND  
THE BOYS IN THE BULLPEN  
DON'T LIKE IT, SCREW 'EM...  
IF WARNER DOESN'T LIKE  
IT, SCREW HIM...

...AND IF ALL THE  
SLAGS IN SLAGTOWN  
DON'T LIKE IT, THEN  
SCREW THEM, TOO!

**BLAM! BLAM!**







I CAN'T SEE DICK IN HERE.

WHICH ONE O' YOU SLAGS IS PORTER?

WHO WANTS TO KNOW?

MY NAME IS SYKES...



SS'AI K'SS?!

HA HA HA

CAREFUL, SS'LOKA, YOU MIGHT HURT YOURSELF.

HA HA



YOU PORTER?

SS'KYA TA' SS'LOKA. SS'TROYKA SS'LATO NA'.

NO, MATTHEW. I BELIEVE THIS IS THE ONE YOU--

I'LL HANDLE THIS.



WHAT'D HE SAY?

YOU DO NOT WANT TO KNOW.

TELL ME.

"YOUR MOTHER MATES OUT OF SEASON."



VERY COLORFUL. BUT NOW WE HAVE A PROBLEM:

SINCE I DON'T SEEM TO BE GETTIN' MUCH COOPERATION FROM YOU, PORTER...

...WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO TAKE THIS LITTLE SESSION DOWN TO MY OFFICE, Y'KNOW?

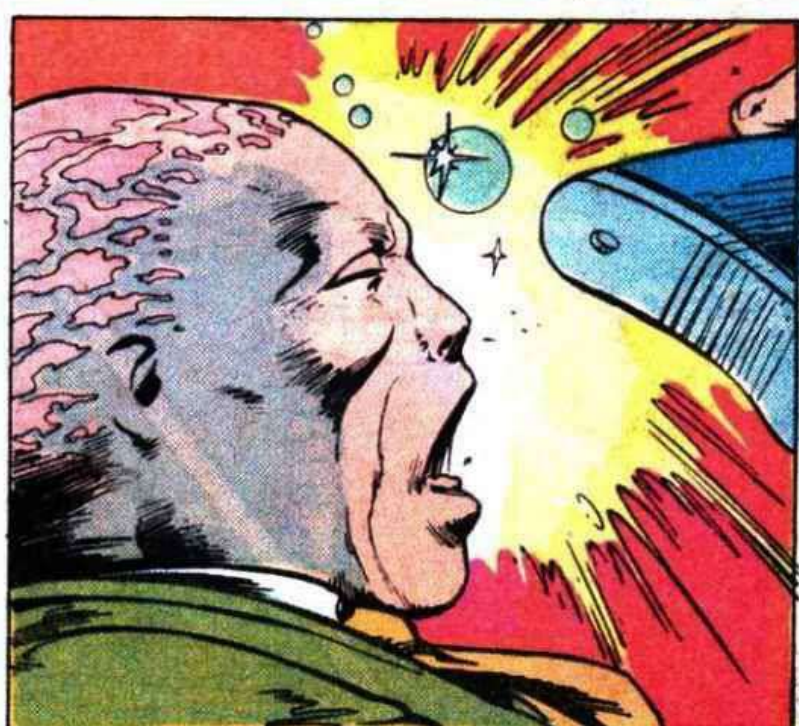


KRANCH













NO  
PROGRESS?

MY ARM'S  
GETTIN' TIRED,  
AND SO FAR--  
ZIP.

HE IS SS'VERDLATYA  
SS'ALO TO STRADER--  
DUTY-BONDED. HIS  
ALLEGIANCE TO STRADER  
IS ABOVE PAIN  
OR LIFE.



Y'MEAN HE'D DIE BEFORE SCREWIN' HIS BOSS  
AND WORKIN' FOR US? COME ON...

IT IS SOMETHING YOU  
COULD NOT COMPREHEND,  
QUINT.

FOR THE LAST TIME, MR. WATSON:  
WORK FOR ME. MANAGE THE NIGHTCLUB  
AS STRADER'S SUCCESSOR...



...AND YOU WILL KNOW A  
WEALTH AND COMFORT  
OUR PEOPLE NEVER  
DARED IMAGINE.

SSS'KYA TA'!

HMM. A PITY  
TO DIE FOR SUCH  
AN OUTMODDED  
VALUE...



MR. QUINT, I BELIEVE IT'S  
TIME FOR OUR FRIEND'S  
SWIMMING LESSON.

YOU WEREN'T WITH US  
WHEN WE DID THIS TO STRADER.  
HUH, BILLY? THEN WAIT'LL YOU  
SEE THIS--

--SEA WATER IS  
LIKE BATTERY ACID TO  
THESE GUYS.



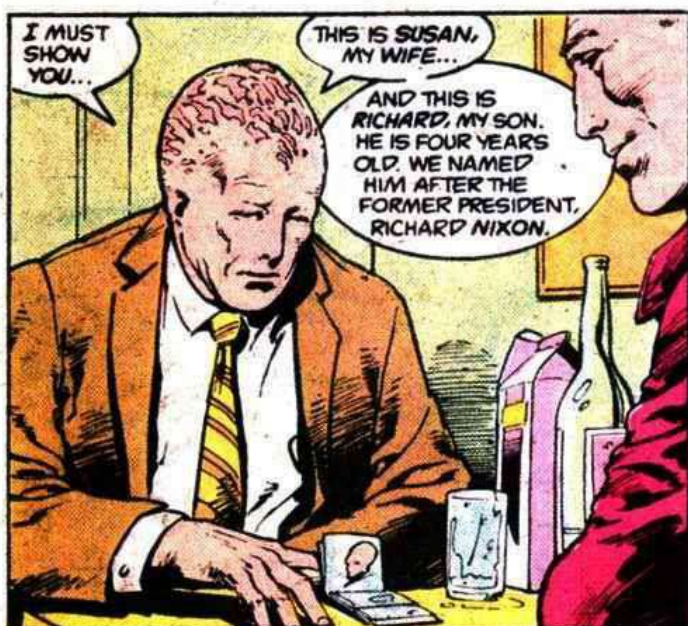
YAAAAH!

LAST CALL,  
SUCKER--ONE...TWO...  
THREE...

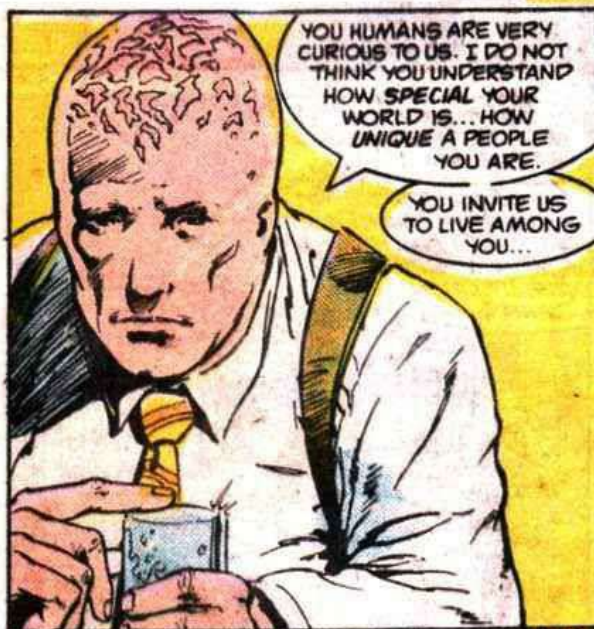
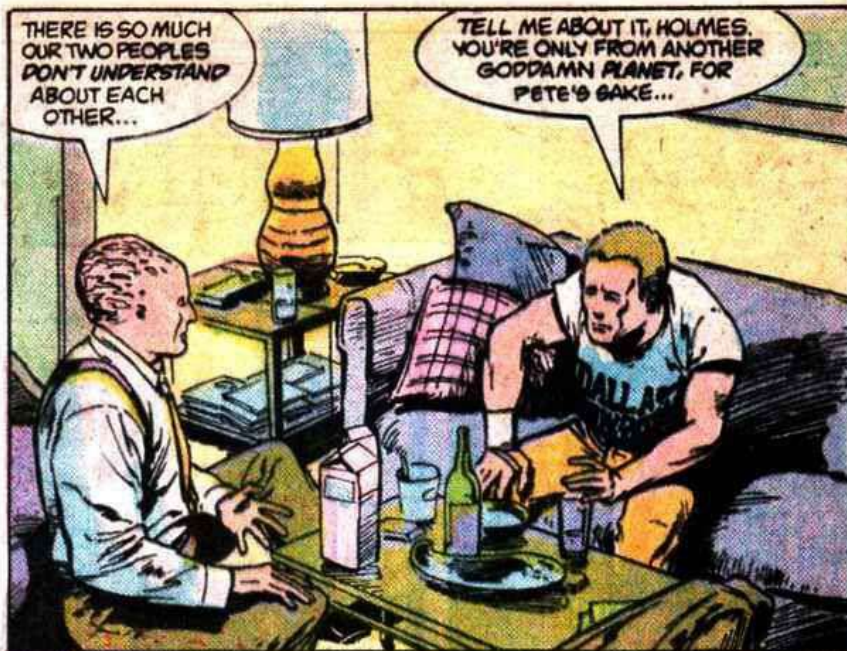
"WHEN WE WENT TO  
PICK HIM UP, THOSE TWO  
COPS WERE SNOOPING  
AROUND, LOOKING FOR  
STRADER."

"THIS IS GETTING OUT OF  
HAND. DEAL WITH IT.  
IMMEDIATELY."













WE DON'T UNDERSTAND THE HATRED, THE CONTEMPT...  
...BUT WE MUST BEAR IT AND BE SLOW TO ANGER, BECAUSE OUR SITUATION HERE IS STILL SO VERY FRAGILE.



"THE SEPARATIONISTS WOULD SEE US RETURNED TO THE CAMPS..."



"AND THE FUNDAMENTALISTS SAY WE ARE NOT MADE IN THE IMAGE OF GOD AND THEREFORE HAVE NO SOULS-- THAT WE HAVE NO MORE HUMAN RIGHTS THAN DOGS OR CATS."

BUT THE PREJUDICE WE FACE HERE IS INSIGNIFICANT, COMPARED TO THE PAIN WE'VE KNOWN BEFORE.

AND THAT IS WHY WE ARE SO... GRATEFUL.



YEAH, WELL... EXCEPT I DID HEAR YOU EAT YOUR DEAD.

BUT ONLY ON FRIDAYS.

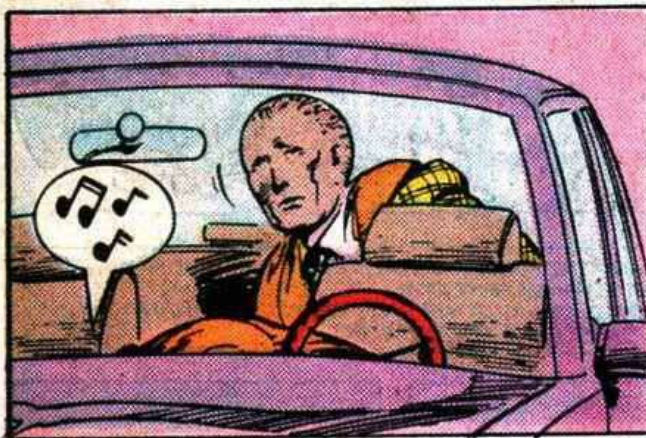


YOU SON OF A BITCH. YOU'RE OKAY.

I MUST GO HOME.

YEAH, GET SOME SLEEP...









"SYKES... I DON'T LIKE THE WATER!"







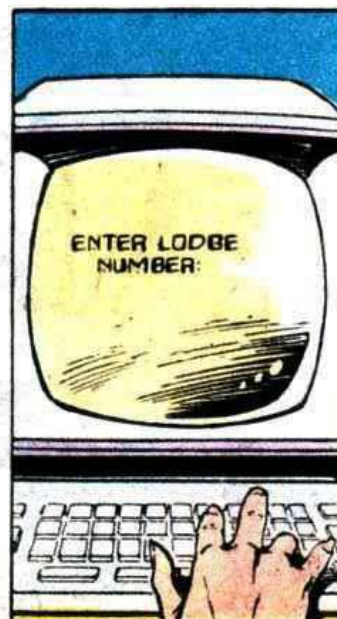








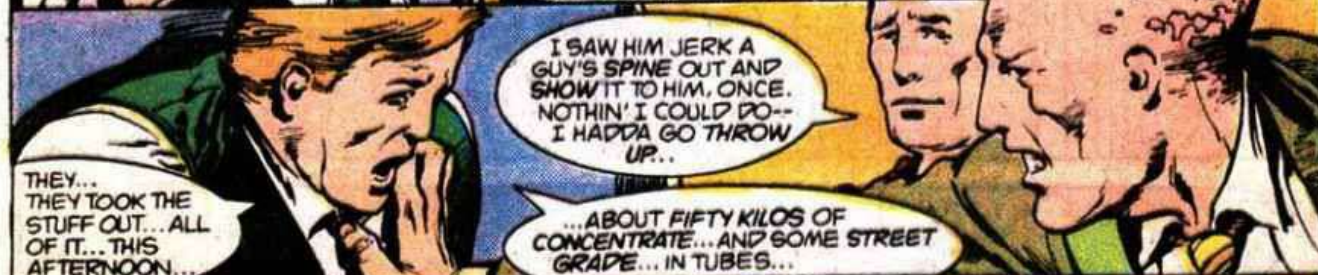




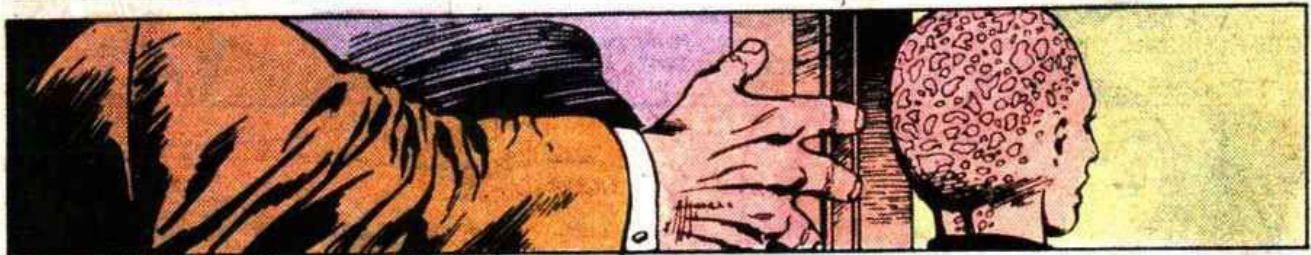




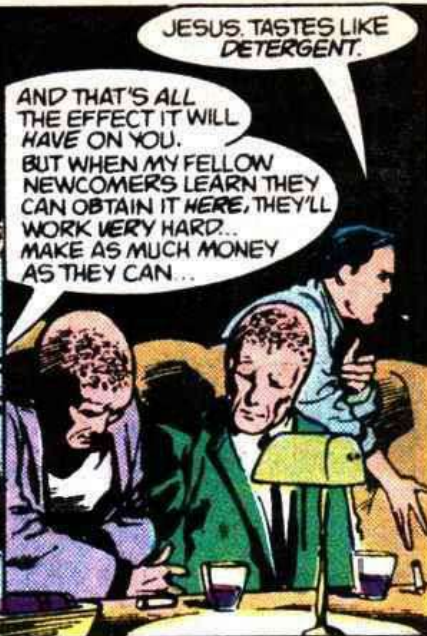












LET ME TRY SOME.

JESUS, TASTES LIKE DETERGENT.

AND THAT'S ALL THE EFFECT IT WILL HAVE ON YOU. BUT WHEN MY FELLOW NEWCOMERS LEARN THEY CAN OBTAIN IT HERE, THEY'LL WORK VERY HARD... MAKE AS MUCH MONEY AS THEY CAN...



...AND GIVE IT TO ME.

YOU HAVEN'T TOLD THEM ALL OF IT.



YEEH, HE'S GOT THE C-4 CHARGE!



JUST TAKE IT REAL CASUAL, BUDDY. KEEP YOUR FINGER ON THAT BUTTON AND DON'T DO NOTHIN' SQUIRRELY.

IF YOU RELEASE THE BUTTON, YOU NOT ONLY KILL US, BUT YOURSELF.



TO GET YOU AND THAT, I WOULD DO IT.

NOW, EVERYONE UP AGAINST THE WALL. VERY SLOWLY. EXCEPT YOU, HARCOURT.





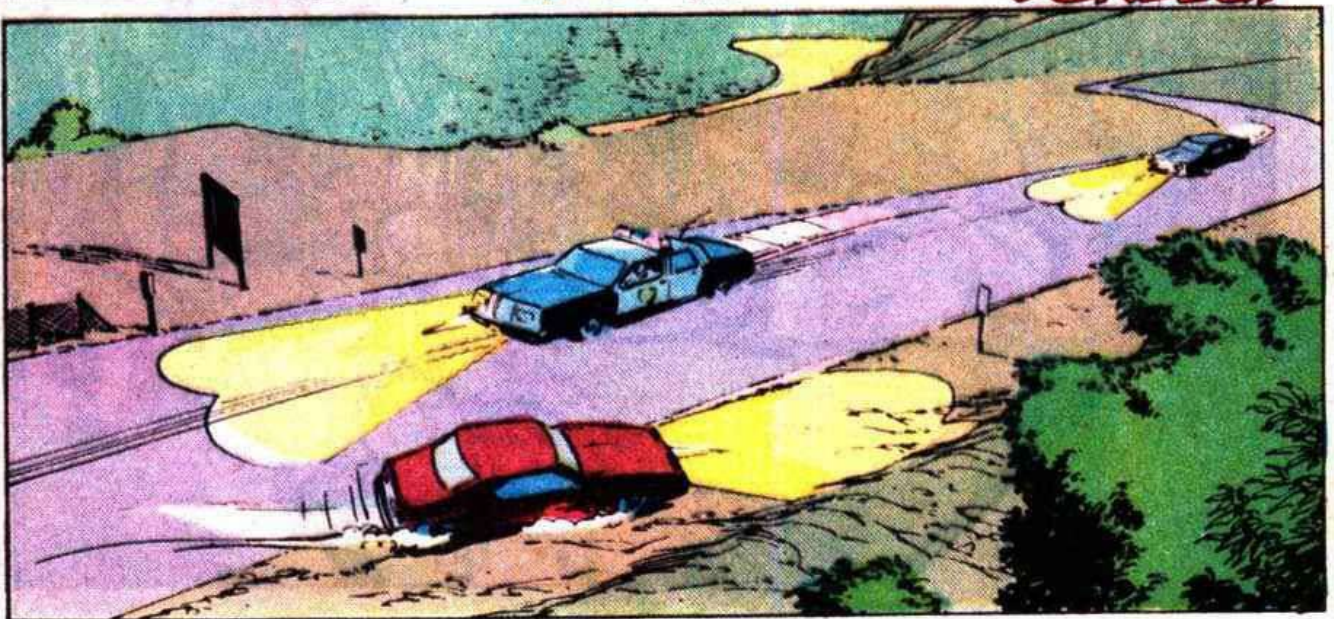




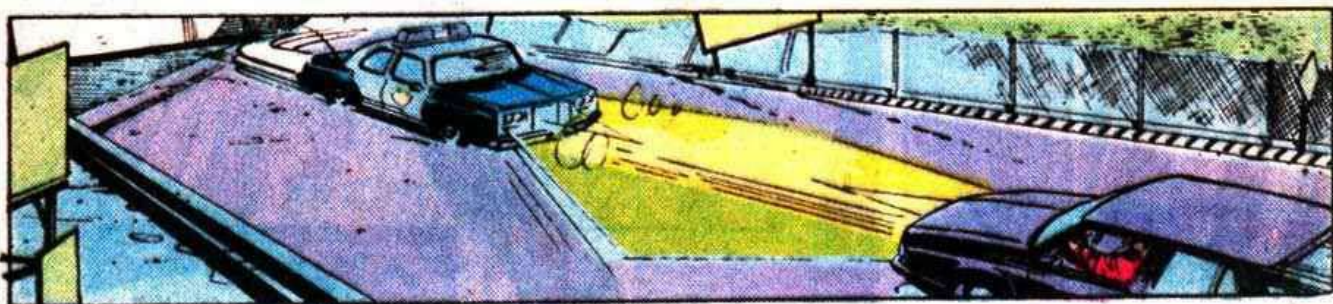
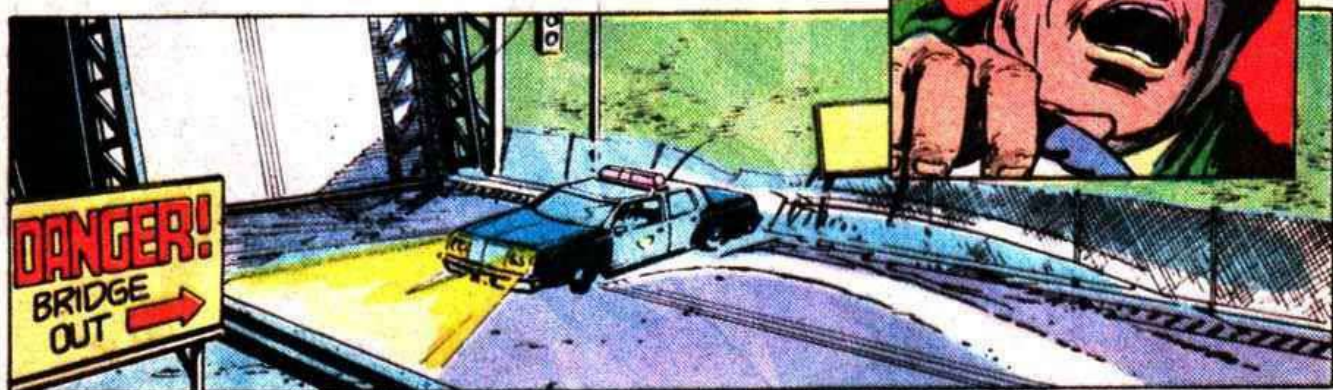












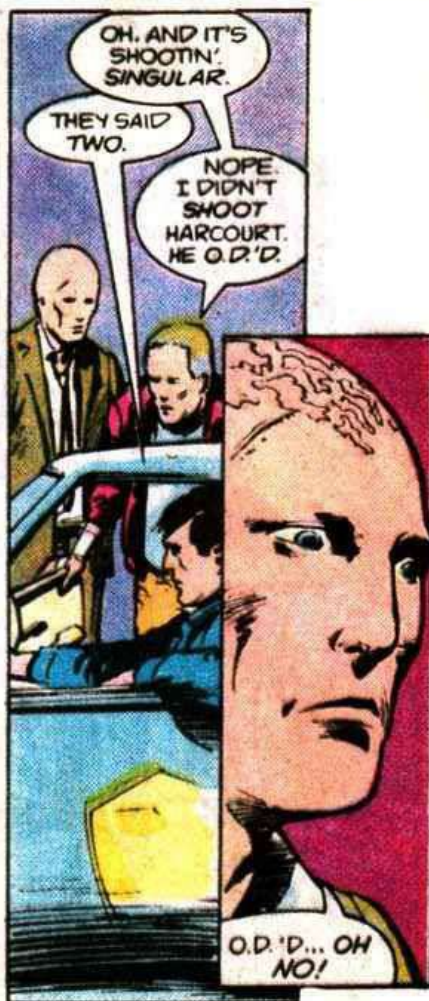








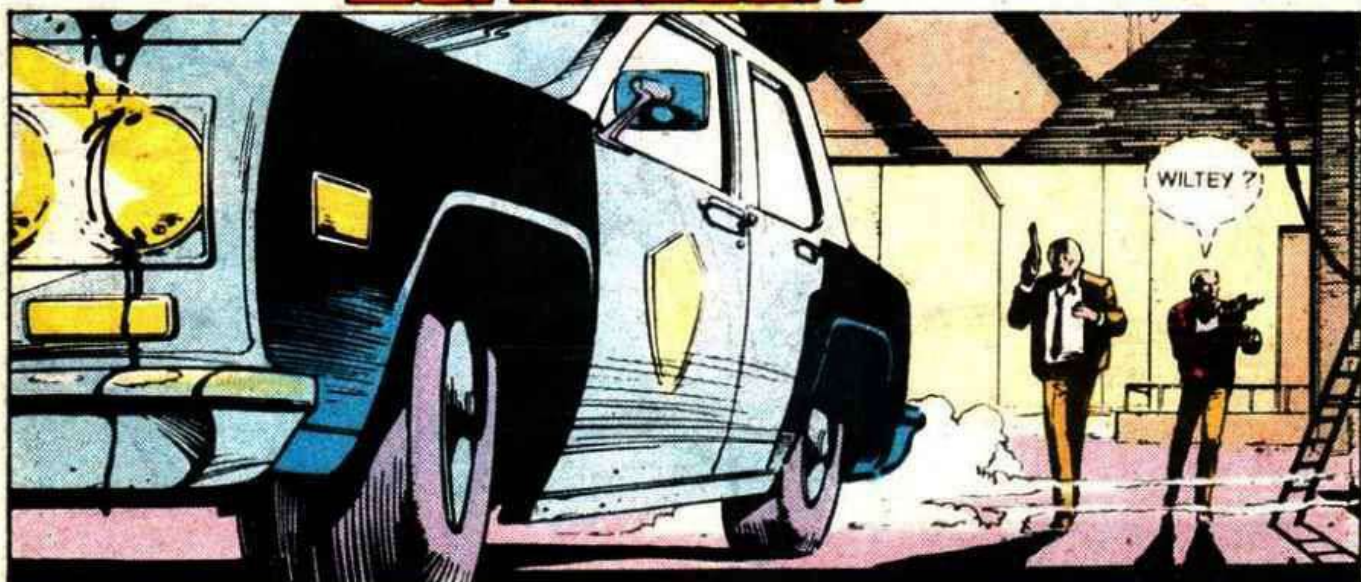
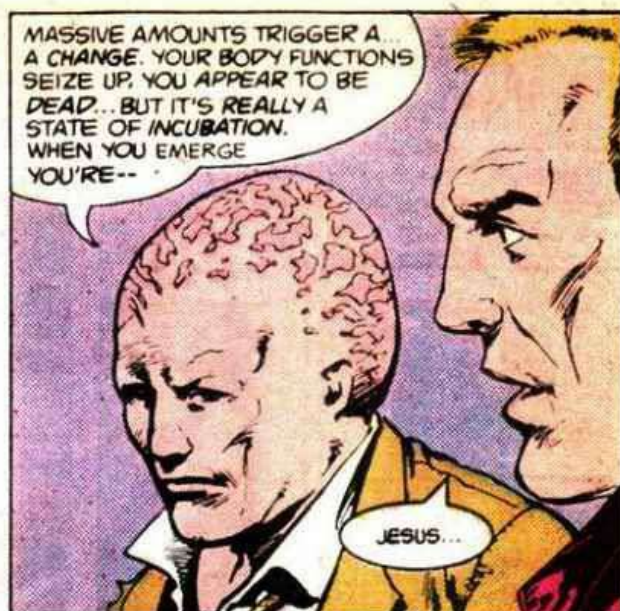
















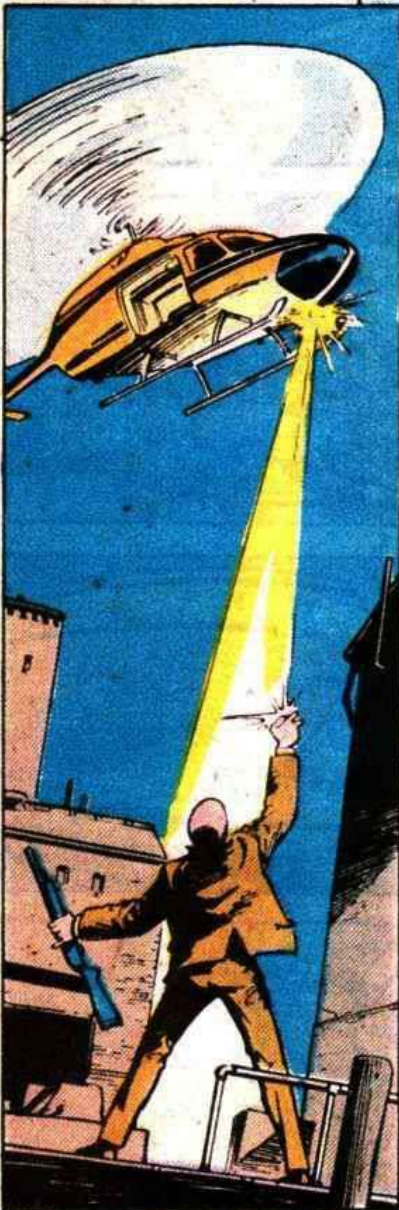
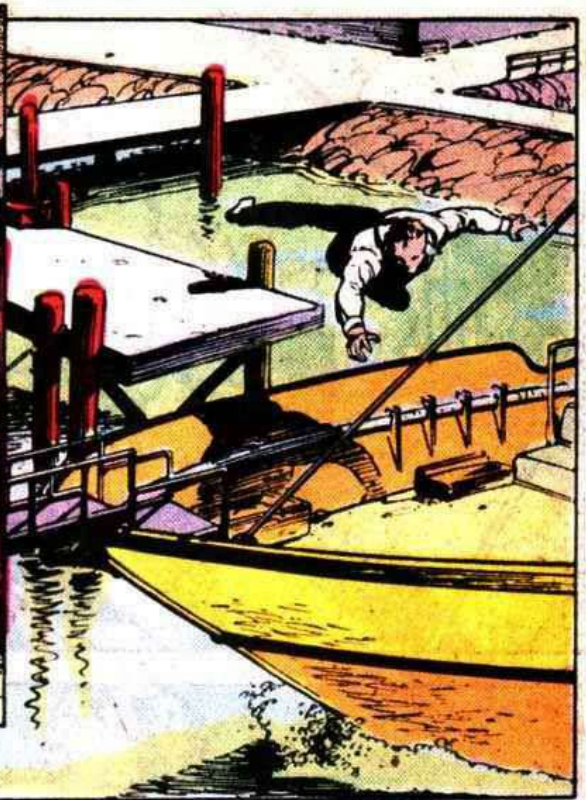








































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